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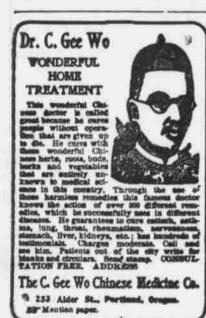
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WHERE LOVE MAY BE

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.] The trend of the shore lay hard and black and ragged in the moonlight. Long, even swells lifted the yacht like a cork on their glant bosoms, polsed her there for a moment and then went eliding landward. Far away on a tiny black dot of an island a sleepy little lighthouse blinked with lazy regularity, now white, now red.

In the cabin the plano tinkled merrily, and snatches of ragtime and excerpts from the latest musical farce career was good enough for a dunce. were greeted with much laughter and noisy applause.

There was not even a catspaw of over the swells like a great white sea bird with folded wings.

In two chairs near the wheel sat a in white. Her face was hard and set, in the galley. Her eyes were fixed on the distant point where the breaking waves outman's eyes were regarding the girl new and a far less attractive expression. But presently the harsh lines relaxed somewhat, and the man smileda rather arrificial smile and fraught with much cynicism. He leaned toward the girl.

"At least," he said slowly, "I have been thoroughly honest for once."

The girl did not move, and for some time she did not speak. When she did It was one questioning word in a color-"Why?"

The man laughed, as if he were ill at

"Why?" He repeated her question. "I'm sure I don't know. Believe me, I seldom am guilty of the weakness of telling the truth-the whole truth. You are the only one who has ever heard it from my lips, aithough"-his voice hardened-"current gossip would give you the story somewhat amplified and with a host of harrowing details."

"I-I thought"- the girl began. "That I really was possessed of the money my appearance and bearing seem to indicate?" he finished quickly. "They all think that. It has been amusing generally. Well, the fact is I 612 Commercial St. haven't a sou. I'm a punctured balloon. a social confidence man, a rank-pardon the phraseology-four flusher; but, please heaven, with you I am honest." The girl turned her eyes and looked at him steadily. In the moonlight her beauty made him faint and sick at

434 Bond St. heart with hopelessness. "Why?" she asked again simply.

"Because-because," he stammered, "there was something about you different from the rest of womankindsomething that touched my respect and pride and-and"-

He looked at her and smiled. The girl bit her lips.

"I wanted you to know what manner of man I was," he went on. "I had to tell you even at the imminent risk of losing - oh, everything!" he ended

"Is poverty such a disgrace?" she asked. "Yes," he said slowly. "It is blight-

ing, belittling, mean." "Is poverty never anything but igno-

ble?" she persisted. "Never!" he replied.

"And you say you've told me the whole truth?" she still questioned. He nodded. The girl rose. Her eyes flashed

"You haven't," she said, with spirit. "You haven't said a word about why you are poor. You haven't mentioned to me that it was because you shouldered your father's obligations, which you might quite as well have evaded had you been so minded."

"The cause is immaterial. It is the effect that counts," said he. "You shall not say that," she said

For a moment he was tempted to take her in his arms and tell her that nothing should matter, nor height nor depth nor powers nor principalities. He was a starving wanderer, and here was food. Then cool, calm judgment returned.

"Exit your pictured hero," he said evenly. "Slow curtain, red slide on the calcium light, creepy music. You have overdrawn him somewhat."

They stood facing each other. The moonlight glinted on the polished brass work of the rail and binnacle. The sleepy little lighthouse blinked its red and white with stoic regularity. The tinkling plano was accompanied by voices raised in gay snatches of song.

The girl's fingers worked nervously. The tears overflowed her eyes and ran unheeded down her face. The man stared helplessly. In the cabin the song came to an end amid much laughter and clapping of hands.

The man came close to the girl. He intended to relieve the tension of the situation by a bit of felicitous chaff. Instead he found her hand in his and his eyes very close to hers. It was something like a groan that escaped

"God help me, how I love you!" he cried, all his pent up emotion in the words.

Tom Van Remsen came up from the cabin some time later. He approached the pair by the wheel with a little deprecating cough of warning.

"Come on down and join the fun in the cabin, you two mooners," he said. The girl sprang up with a happy laugh.

"Tommy, dear," she chided, "please

don't speak so disrespectfully of my JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

MY ONE FACULTY

[Original.]

I am an example of the value of possessing one faculty alone in a very high who otherwise would have wished me as cabin boy, remarking that such a

tried to teach me navigation, but there were so many sines, cosines, arcs and wind. The yacht lay becalmed, riding angles about it to bewilder me that he soon gave it up in despair. So it seemed that I must continue to wait on the ship's company, clean the cabin winman and a girl. The girl was dressed dows and at mealtimes assist the cook

One morning when I was washing the breakfast dishes I noticed that the lined the shore in frothing white. The ship had been brought up to the wind, which was flapping in the sails. Soon gravely. His mouth was set tightly- after, having occasion to go to the after so tightly that harsh lines appeared and cabin, I saw the captain and the first gave his usual careless, jovial face a mate standing looking at the rudder post. Though the tiller was lashed fast, the rudder swayed with the waves. This was because the rudder post was defective. As the rudder moved the and tried various ointments and soaps for post would twist, opening and closing huge cracks. Of course the ship was without steerage. The captain looked anxlous.

"Captain," I said, "when the cracks open fill them with wedges, and your post will hold firm '

The captain turned and looked at me. astonished that a cabin boy should dare to advise him. Then be gruffly ordered the mate to go and get the wedges. They were driven in the cracks, iron bands were put around the post, and it held good till we reached port.

It had become evident that I possess

ed ingenuity. The captain considered that by my suggestion I had saved the ship and on reaching home told the owners, who placed a thousand dollars in bank to ers had been at fault, wished me to remain at home and try school again. But I hated books and took kindly to a roving life on the ocean. So my father. deciding that there must be some mistake about my ingenious suggestion, relapsed into the belief that I was still a dunce and the position of cabin boy quite good enough for me. But he was again doomed to revise his opinion when I returned from the next voyage.

We were in the China sea not far from the Malay peninsula, having aboard a cargo of oil. There is no part of the globe where piracy has been and is today more common. One evening just before sunset I went on deck and saw the captain and both mates examining with glasses a small vessel to the leeward, which was towing a good sized bark. Suddenly the smaller ves sel drew away from the other and sailed toward us. Though she showed no flag, our captain knew her to be a pirate with a prize in tow, and, since we had nothing with which to defend ourselves except small arms, he had no doubt that as soon as the craft could reach us we would walk the plank.

"Captain," I said, "get up a barrel of oil and pour it over the decks, except the poop. Then get the men up there. with the arms, hoist the white flag and let them come aboard."

The captain stared at me for a mo ment, the color gradually coming to his cheeks with hope, then ordered not one barrel but a dozen brought up and stove at different parts of the deck. The ratlines, the bulwarks, every bit of sur face was, shining with oil. Then the men were gathered with the small arms on the "poop." By this time the "skull and crossbones" were raised on the pirate, and in a few minutes more she was within halling distance. Since there was no apearance of resistance, she sent out the boats, loaded with copper colored villains, leaving only a small crew aboard. There was considerable sea on, and we were rolling heav ily. One boat made for the bow, the other for the waist, and the crews climbed up on to the deck. The first man to reach it slid on to it from the oiled gunwale. His feet shot out from under him, and he coasted into the scuppers. In a few moments some twenty men were sliding about as the ship rolled, while we, taking out our guns, which we had concealed under our jackets, opened fire. . Before the pirates could get their legs we had peppered every one of them except those who had not left the boats. They, seeing the disaster, pulled for their vessel, but we picked them off as they rowed. The men on the pirate, terror stricken at what they could not understand, put their ship before the wind and sailed away.

We found some shoemaker's way aboard, with which we covered the soles of our shoes. Then when he had heaved overboard the dead and wound ed pirates we made sail for the ship they had left. She proved a fat prize, and we took her in tow. When we got home the captain and crew, after collecting the prize money, were so grateful to me for the suggestion that had saved their lives that they relinquished every dollar to me. When the money was deposited in bank, together with a handsome sum from the owner of our own ship, I had a fortune such as my father had never come near attain-

It was suggested that I become an

inventor, buf I never could think of any ingenious expedient unless stimulated by some special happening, some great necessity. The consequence is I have lived on the interest of my prize money and have no desire to put myself in a way to make any more. WENDELL C. M'LAIN.

The Colonel's Waterloo. Colonel John M. Fuller, of Honey Grove, Texas, nearly met his Waterdegree. As a boy at school I never loo, from Liver and Kidney trouble. In could learn my lessons, and my father, a recent letter, he says: "I was nearly dead, of these complaints, and, aito take a profession, put me on a ship though I tried my family doctor, he did me no good; so I got a 50c bottle of your great Electric Bitters, which The captain took a fancy to me and cured me. I consider them the best medicine on earth, and thank God who gave you the knowledge to make them." Sold and guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia, Billiousness and Kidney Disease, by Chas. Rogers, druggist, at 50c a bottle.

Resema on my head, legs and arms, and began treatment with local doctors, but did not get much relief. They said the discase had become chronic. I then quit them another two years, but as soon as cold weather came I was as bad off as ever, so I finally decided to let medicine alone, and for twelve or thirteen years did nothing towards curing the Eczema, except bath ing. This seemed to do about as much good as anything I had tried.

During the time I lost about one-half of my hair. egan S. S. S. doubtful of a cure, because the disease had run so long. but soon discovered your medicine wa doing me good, and continued to take it. I used seven bottles, when I was completely cured, not having a single spot on my body, which before was almost com-pletely covered. F. C. NORFOLE. 1017 Hackberry St., Ottumwa, Ia.

The head, feet and hands are usually the parts affected, though the disease ap pears on other parts of the body. While external applications allay the itching and placed a thousand dollars in bank to burning temporarily, it is the acids thrown be given me on my coming of age. My off by the blood that cause the irritation father was much perplexed at the sto- and eruptions upon the skin. The acids ry and, thinking that perhaps my teach | must be neutralized and the system cleans ed of all humors and poisons before the

cure is permanent. teed entirely free of Potash, Arsenic and other minerals. Book on the skin and its diseases sent free. Medical advice furnished free. The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga

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